For this,the fooliſh ouer-carefull fathers
Haue broke their ſleepe with thoughts,
Their braines with care,their bones with induſtry:
For this they haue ingroſſed and pilld vp,
The cankred heapes of ſtrange atcheeued gold:
For this they haue beene thoughtfull to inueſt
Their ſonnes with arts and martiall exerciſes,
When like the bee toling from euery flower,
Our thigh,packt with waxe,our mouthes with hony,
We bring it to the hiue:and like the bees,
Are murdred for our paines,this bitter taſte
Yeelds his engroſſements to the ending father,
Now where is he that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his friend ſickneſſe hands determind me.*Enter Warwicke.*
War. My Lord,I found the prince in the next roome,
Waſhing with kindly teares, his gentle cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanour in great ſorrow,
That tyranny,which neuer quaft but bloud,
Would by beholding him,haue waſht his knife,
With gentle eie-drops,hee is comming hither. *Enter Harry.*
King But wherefore did he take away the crowne?
Loe where he comes,come hither to me Harry,
Depart the chamber,leaue vs here alone. *exeunt.*
Harry I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.
King Thy wiſh was father (Harry,)to that thought
I ſtay too long by thee,I weary thee,
Doſt thou ſo hunger for mine emptie chaire,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with my honors,
Before thy howre be ripe!O fooliſh youth,
Thou ſeekſt the greatneſſe that will ouerwhelme thee,
Stay but a little, for my clowd of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weake a wind,
That it will quickly drop:my day is dim,
Thou haſt ſtolne that,which after ſome few houres,
Were thine,without offence,and at my death,
Thou haſt ſeald vp my expectation,

Thy

Thy life did manifeſt thou lou'd
And thou wilt haue me die,aſſur
Thou hidſt a thouſand daggers i
With whom thou haſt whetted on t
To ſtab at halfe an hower of my
What,canſt thou not forbeare
Then get thee gone,and digge m
And bid the mery bells ring to th
That thou art crowned,not that
Let all the teares that ſhould bed
Be drops of Balme,to ſanctifie th
Only compouud me with forgot
Giue that which gaue thee life,
Plucke downe my officers,breal
For now a time is come to mock
Harry the fift is crownd,vp vanit
Downe royall ſtate, all you ſage
And to the Engliſh Court aſſeml
From euery region,apes of idlen
Now neighbour confines,purge
Haue you a ruffin that will ſweare
Reuell the night rob,murder and
The oldeſt ſinnes,the neweſt kin
Be happy,he will trouble you no
England ſhal double gild his treb
England ſhall giue him office hor
For the fift Harry, from curbd h
The muſſel of reſtraint,and the w
Shal fleſh his tooth on euery inn
O my poore kingdome!ſicke wit
When that my care could not w
What wilt thou do when riot is
O thou wilt be a wilderneſſe agai
Peopled with woolues, thy old in
Prince O pardon me, my heg
The moiſt impediments vnto my